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Biographic.

Richard Hill, whose ancestral blood courses the veins of a great many worthy citizens, now claims our special notice in this paper. It is generally believed he came to this region soon after the armies of the Revolution were disbanded, from North Carolina. He was one of the more distinguished of the earlier pioneers as a scout and a vigilant defender of the forts.

Upon his marriage with Nancy McNeel, daughter of the venerated pioneer of the Levels, John McNeel, he settled on Hill's Creek, a few miles west of Hillsboro, on lands lately occupied by Abram Hill's family. As long as Hill's Creek flows and murmurs his name will be perpetuated. The Hill family consisted of three daughters, Elizabeth, Martha, and Margaret; and seven sons, Thomas, John, Abraham, Isaac, William, Joel, and George.

Elizabeth Hill became Mrs John Bruffey, and lived on Bruffey's Creek. In reference to her family the following fragmentary particulars are given: Nancy Bruffey married Levi Hooker, from Connecticut, a dealer in clocks and settled in Missouri. Eliza Bruffey became Mrs Robert Moore, near Edray. Late in life her family went to Iowa. George P. Moore, Esq., now of Edray, is one of her sons. Davis and Clark were the other two, now in Iowa.

Martha Bruffey married James Ewing, and lived some years near Marlinton, and finally settled in Nicholas county, West Virginia. Margaret Bruffey married Morgan Anderson, now of Hills creek. Julia Bruffey was married to William McClure, on Little Anthony's Creek.

Lavinia Bruffey married Claiborne Blaine and went west. Harriet Bruffey was married to Wesley Cruikshanks, and went west. Bradford Bruffey married Miss Mary Watts, of Greenbrier. T. A. Bruffey, Esq., and Mrs Ida Sarver are his children. Murray Bruffey married Miss Lizzie Craig, and lives in Nicholas county.

John Bruffey, Jr., married Maggie Hill, daughter of George Hill, son of the pioneer. Martha Hill was married to Geo. Gillilan, of Greenbrier county near Falling Spring. In reference to their family the following particulars are in hand: Richard Gillilan married Miss Mary Handley, and lived near Frankford. Richard's daughter Jennie is now Mrs Wallace Warwick Beard, of Hillsboro. Another daughter, Sarah, became Mrs Stuart and went west; and another daughter, Mattie, was married to Cyrus McClung, Esq., of Frankford.

Margaret Hill, daughter of the pioneer, was married to Samuel Gillilan, brother of George Gillilan just mentioned, and settled in Illinois. Her children were Eleazar, Talitha, Nancy, Lydia, John, Samuel, and Shadrach Chaney. Shadrach Chaney, while a mere boy, was sent to mill and was killed upon his arrival at the mill by an enraged Illinois lad who claimed to be, in ahead of Shadrach. His mother's grief was inexpressible, as may be readily believed.

Thomas Hill, in his day a very prominent citizen of Pocahontas, married Anne Cackley, daughter of Valentine Cackley, Sr. of Mill Point. First lived on Hill's creek, the place now owned by Aaron Hill, and then located near Hillsboro, where he spent most of his life. Their family were five daughters and three sons: Martha, Mary, Nancy, Eveline, Lavinia, William, Richard, and George. Colonel John Hill married Elizabeth Poage, and lived near Hillsboro. When far advanced in years he migrated to Missouri, and located in Daviess county. So many families from this region have gone to that county that it might be called the Missouri Pocahontas. In this family were seven sons and four daughters. Margaret, who became Mrs Chesley K. Moore; Nan-

cy, Mrs William McMillion; Elizabeth and Mary, who married in Mo. The sons were Richard, William, John, Thomas, Robert, Davis, and George.

Abraham Hill married Sallie Burr, daughter of Aaron Burr, of Greenbrier county, and lived on the old Hill homestead. In his family were nine sons and one daughter: John, Richard, Thomas, George, Aaron, Joel, Doctor, Peter, William, and Rebecca. This daughter was first married to the William Cackley, near Mill Point. She is now Mrs A. J. Overholt. Lee Cackley is her son, living on Stamping Creek. The writer remembers Abraham Hill with feelings of strong attachment for many reasons. He wrote me several letters while I was a student at college, manifesting great interest in my personal welfare and speaking words of christian encouragement. All which I reciprocated to the best of my ability. He came near sudden death while baiting for wolves with poison. A puff of wind blew some of the strichnine into his face. He never recovered fully from the effects, tho he survived many years.

Isaac Hill did his wooing in the Lower Levels, and won the confidence and affections of Jennie Edmiston, daughter of William Edmiston, who was specially mentioned in the Biographic Notes, so long since. He settled on Hills Creek. Two sons and two daughters composed his family. Nancy, Rebecca, William, and Richard.

William Hill, son of Richard Hill, married Ann Ray, near Locust, and settled in Nicholas county. There were three sons and two daughters in this family, Elizabeth, Nancy, John, Archibald and Joseph.

Joel Hill, son of Richard Hill, paid a number of visits to Greenbrier county, and when he came home with his young wife, Rebecca Levisay, his friends found out what the attraction had been. He settled near Hillsboro. In this family were six daughters and two sons. Mary Frances is now Mrs Sherman H. Clark, near Hillsboro; Ann Eliza was married to Oscar Groves, of Nicholas county; Martha was married to Mansfield Groves, of the same county; Melinda became Mrs Levi Gay, near Marlinton, first wife; Caroline was married to D. A. Peck, Esq., on Hill's Creek, first wife. Her daughter is now Mrs Adam Young. Lucy was married to Hon William Curry, and lives near Huntersville.

Allan Hill was in Missouri at the breaking out of the war. Being suspected for cherishing Confederate sympathies he was slain by over-zealous Union partisans. Richard Washington Hill married Margaret Watts, of Greenbrier county, and lives on the homestead. He is at this time sheriff of Pocahontas county.

George Hill, son of Richard Hill of honored memory, married Martha Edmiston. He was married twice. By the first marriage there were four sons and a daughter: Margaret, Franklin, Claiborne, Isaac, and William. George Hill's second marriage was with Rebecca Cruikshanks. By this marriage there were four sons and two daughters: Henrietta, Minnie, Wallace, Joel, Chalmers, and Sterling.

This venerable man died early in the forties, full of days and greatly respected. The writer was at Colonel John Hill's home when he returned from the burial of his father, and listened for hours to Colonel Hill's reminiscences of his grand old father; but alas, so much has faded from his memory that he would like to write.

Richard Hill, whose family history we have just endeavored to illustrate, with the assistance of our lamented friend Mrs Nancy Callison, his worthy grand-daughter, seems to have been endowed with a charmed life. It would be better to say that in the providence of God he had a mission to perform and was immortal until that service should be accomplished. The Indian brave that slew Jas. Baker, one of the first school-masters in this region, had shrewdly planned to shoot Baker in the act

of crossing the fence and kill Richard Hill with his tomahawk before he could be able to recross and escape to the Drennan House, near Levi Gay's.

While Richard Hill was repairing his broken rake, in the rye-field at Edray, near the graveyard, an Indian in the fallen tree-top aimed repeatedly at his breast and put his finger on the trigger time and again, and every time something seemed to restrain him. The Indian thought it was the Great Spirit, and seemed to have felt it would not do to kill a friend of the Great Spirit and thus incur his anger.

Then while scouting in the mountains toward Gauley, he was thrice aroused by alarming dreams and when the morning dawned he discovered that an Indian had tried three times to steal upon him and scalp him while asleep.

There is also a tradition that a detachment of Indians were in ambush for several days near Mr Hill's home on Hill's Creek, for the special object of capturing or killing him, as they had come to feel there would be little or no use to raid this region while he was alive or at large. They had taken up the idea that the owner of such a nice house would dress much better than any body else, and would not work with his own hands. They saw men at work in reach of their guns, but none of them dressed to suit their ideas as to how Mr Hill would be attired. It so turned out that Mr Hill was one of the hands, and it was his work-day dress that beguiled the Indians and prevented his being shot at or captured.

Mr Hill was one of nature's noblemen who relied more on pure, genuine character than mere superficial appearances, and therein lay the secret of his safety and success. A pure character and a genteel appearance make a lovely sight, but a genteel exterior and an impure character make a nuisance that is simply unendurable to all except human John Crows or vultures.

CHINA offers to pay for the two German missionaries who were recently killed, if the Germans will go home and say no more about it; and thereby hangs 1,000,000 taels.

SHEEHAN has had to relinquish his position in Tammany because he told a lie during the heat of the campaign. Croker believes in the truth.

SINCE the killing of Walter Croot, the champion light-weight pugilist of England in a prizefight, in London, the football enthusiasts think they have scored a point on the relative harmlessness of the two games.

THE Aberdeen University's literary society, presided over by a nephew of J. M. Barrie, has decided that the Scottish school of fiction does not deserve the favor it has received; and they did not mean to be sarcastic either.

Notions.

The custom of calling persons aside and speaking to them apart is a nuisance that can hardly be avoided, but which could be greatly abridged. It is one of the most common sights in the world for a man to approach a group of men, and draw one man out of hearing of his fellows and make a mysterious communication to him in sight of the people. If the act is done upon the stage the speaker says in a deep sepulchral tone, "I would confer with you!" and the rest vanish. If in real life it is more apt to be "I want to speak to you a minute!"

I know of nothing which has a tendency to excite the curiosity of those who have been debarred hearing the communication; even tho they know, if they think a moment, that it is ten to one liable to be a dun or some other matter equally uninteresting. For a moment those who stand afar off and watch feel like there is not a secret in the world that is of half the importance of that which is being imparted in their sight. This feeling is momentary, however, and is forgotten almost as quickly as it arose. By the time the two apart have settled to their talk, the interest has died away.

It is a habit that people have. A matter which is of some importance to them may worry the man whom they button-hole in this style inexpressibly. For instance, the man who writes this is very apt to have his hands full on court day and many a man has called him away from a crowd when he was busy and tired to tell him he could not pay him anything this court, but in a short time he would send in some money. The intention of these natural born gentlemen is good and is appreciated, but it almost seems that the good-natured customer is adding injury to injury by requiring a confidential chat on the busy day of the year.

We once heard of a merchant being approached in this way. A man led him outside, around the corner and where no eye could see or ear hear, and in a guarded whisper asked him if he wanted to buy a cow.

The merchant said, "Come with me!" He led the man down an alley, thro the barn yard, into the stable, up into the mow, and, looking around to see that nobody was in sight, told the man he did not want to buy a cow. It is to be hoped he taught the man not to involve a common transaction in so much mystery and seeming importance.

Another kind of man was a famous character in Gilmer County, lately deceased, who a man of a good deal of importance in the farming circles, who could not whisper. He was very prone to draw his man to one side of the group and there communicate with him in a voice audible to the crowd he had taken the man from. He must have been a very "comfortable man," as the blacksmith said of the priest who kissed his wife.

Still another man had the habit as bad, who, whenever he had anything to tell that he thought would interest his neighbors, could never bear to tell it to more than one at a time, and when he chanced to approach a group of men he would draw each one aside in turn, and impart his information in a painful way by whispering with very bad breath into the face of his listener.

It is well enough not to proclaim business matters from the steeple, but there is reason to think that this custom is abused in very many instances by our people.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry. "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and —it's Ayer's.

had considered it such a collection of dry rot as was not to be found elsewhere in the world. We remembered the Journal in the days when the fates had us teaching school. At one institute the instructor made it plain to be seen that any of the teachers who did not give him a dollar for the magazine was no friend of his and to keep peace with the powers that were, while we were electioneering for a no. 1 certificate, we allowed our selves to be euchered out of a dollar. That year the Journal was as dry as a bill in chancery and brought on heavy fits of sleep. It was something of a puzzle too. The reader would think that there might be some hidden meaning to some of the articles and would try them on again, only to fall back beaten and discomfited.

Nothing was allowed in its columns except such articles which breathed forth a spirit of funereal gloom. Having been brought thus to avoid it, this year we failed to notice several numbers until accidentally we glanced into a number and found that it was good—a real pleasure to read it. We feel that it is our bounden duty to herald the fact, for fear that others with similar experiences may be fighting shy of what is really very well worth reading.

LOUISIANA is determined not to turn the government of that State over to the colored men, tho they are numerically the stronger and all vote the same way. The late law practically disenfranchises him in the county of Plaquemines, which formerly had a negro registration of 2,500, only five negroes have been able to show sufficient intelligence to register. In the county of West Baton Rouge not a single negro is registered.

DISCUSSING American competition in England, "Engineering," London, says: "It is not only in rails that the war of competition, which, from a pessimistic point of view, may gradually develop into a war of extermination, is now raging. We appear to be growing more and more dependent on American machine tool-makers; indeed it is not an exaggeration to say that during the now vanishing period of depression in the United States, many once prosperous engineers' works must have been closed up but for the never-failing support of Europe. We are dependent on the United States to build the elevators for the Central London Railway; and we have to look to the other side of the Atlantic for the electrical plant with which the traffic is to be worked. It is notorious that we are unable properly to equip an electrically worked tramway, and that until our manufacturers take the trouble to learn how, the large and increasing contracts for this new industry will be taken by Americans. Now that so many employers of labor are suffering from enforced idleness by a ruinous strike they may find time to learn why we, who still blindly call ourselves the leading industrial nation of the world, are content to close our eyes to what is going on."

IN A FAIR WAY OF SETTLEMENT. "Well," said the Congressman from Owatonna, "I guess the Indian problem has been solved at last. We'll soon be rid of the red men now." "How so," asked one of his constituents. "They've taken up football."—Cleveland Leader.

REINDER at the Gold-Mines.—Within the past few years reinder have been introduced into Alaska under appropriations from Congress, and the number of animals now there is estimated at about 1,200. They were originally introduced mainly for the benefit of the destitute natives, but they have proved themselves more useful to the white inhabitants than was anticipated, and now it is thought that they can be employed to great advantage in transporting freight and supplies to and from the gold-mines on the upper Yukon River. Commissioner Harris thinks the reinder may solve "the difficult problem of winter transportation and communication in northern Alaska."—Youth's Companion.

HERE is a very attractive design for a Christmas card which may be sent by wealthy people to their less fortunate friends and relatives. No. 638, Dec. 25, 1897. THE TENTH NATIONAL BANK OF SQUEAHAWKETT. Pay to Jane Witherspoon, or order. One Hundred Dollars. \$100. J. KLONDIKE. The wording can be altered to suit the special case in view.—Harpers Bazar. "Yes sir," said the inventor, that armor-plate will stand any test you may give it." "I wonder," said the corporation lawyer thoughtfully, "if it will stand the test of the courts."—Cleveland Plaindealer. FINANCIAL SUCCESS.—"What is your idea of luck?" "Collecting all the money I have earned."—Chicago Record. The next time Seth Low goes into a New York campaign he will know enough to lay aside his halo and carry a corkscrew.—Detroit News-Tribune. Educate Your Doves With Casareta. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation, forestall, No. 25. If C. C. O. fail, druggists refund money.